

"THE TRUTH SHALL MAKE YOU FREE."—CHRIST.

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THE RAINY DAY.

WHEN Alick Jones married Jean Stewart her father Donald addressed him thus:—

"There's a deal of verra oncertin weather in this world, and if ye'll be said by me, young mon, ye'll olwa prepare for a rainy day, for ye no ken when ye'll want somethin' more than an umbrella to keep the wet off you and yours."

This, when interpreted, meant that there were many ups and downs in life, that prosperity was very uncertain, that life had its day of want as well of plenty; and that Alick, if he was a wise man, would set the one over the other, and make the days of plenty provide for those of scarcity.

This was good advice of Donald's, and his son-in-law intended to take it; but he did not see that there was any immediate hurry about the matter. He himself was young, and Jean was young, and now was the time to enjoy life.

By and by he would tackle the savings bank, and all that sort of thing, and that old age should not overtake Jean and himself without his being worth something at any rate.

As for Jean, she reposed unlimited confidence in Alick; whatever he did she thought was right; nothing could be farther from her heart and mind than the thought that he could injure her; she had given herself to him in all the full repose of a true woman's confiding nature, and Alick meant—yes, truly meant—to do well by her.

Yes, had illness come suddenly upon Jean as soon as they were married, her husband would have worked a day and a-half instead of a day, that she might have enough. The only fortune he had to offer her was his strong arms and skill in his craft; but what man could do with these

such was he ready to do, and that with a willing heart.

At first, Alick Jones put by a little in the savings bank, expecting that there might come some special call for it; but month after month passed away, and all continued well with him and his. Then as work was plenty, and likely to be so, and as he and Jean were likely to continue well, he began to think that this weekly payment into the bank was a weekly pull, and that he would drop it for a while. He could take it up again by and by; meanwhile he and Jean could enjoy themselves the more if they had this to spend.

It would have been well for Alick Jones if he had stuck to the savings bank. More money to spend often means more openings for temptation; and Alick, having the money in his pocket, found that he had more means of self-indulgence. Alick Jones was no drunkard; he had never been the worse for liquor in his life; all he did was to allow as much to be frittered away every week in drink as would have paid for his club and put a little in the savings bank.

Should anything happen, why there was that little umbrella in the savings bank—the first savings which he had put in: but ah, Alick! you did not know that in this world of ours there comes bad weather, which turns umbrellas inside out, and which requires a good sound roof to keep a man from the pelting of the storm—to keep him from being carried clean off his legs.

At last Alick Jones quite scoffed at the idea of such trouble coming upon his wife or himself; and emboldened by such long freedom from trial, went so far as to draw his little fund from the bank, thus leaving himself even without the umbrella against the rainy day.

But Alick's long spell of fine weather was not to last for ever. There was a shower gathering which was about to try every slate in his roof; though at present there was only a cloud no bigger than a man's hand to be seen.

The roses, which had so long bloomed on Jean's cheeks, struck Alick on Sunday morning at breakfast as not so bright as they used to be. Once suspicion is aroused it is surprising how many things we see which we never perceived or suspected before. Now, all of a sudden, Alick remembered that his wife had not for many days eaten as heartily as he used to see her do; and he thought that he had observed her walk about with a less springy step; and he had noted that now and again she had leant upon the table, or bed-post, or chest of drawers, or anything near at hand which promised a little support.

Ah, Alick! the cloud is in the sky; what matters it how small it is now, if it have deluges of rain and thunder and lightning in it by and by? But we don't like to make sure that trouble is coming, so the carpenter said that his wife had been staying too much in-doors of late, and that she should have a ride every day for a week—or she should go for a few days into the country—that would set her up again.

So all this he told Jean, lovingly; and she thanked him, and said it was so like her own dear Alick to be so thoughtful and so kind. And this was a fresh spur to the carpenter, who took to working over hours so that he might give his wife every comfort.

But Jean's illness was not to be cured by a few drives, or a few short outings into the country. Her disease was one that had struck deep; and the doctor had to be called in, and what with the medicine sent, and the nourishment ordered, it was quite plain that no overtime would keep pace with the demands on Alick's purse.

At last Alick had come to the painful consciousness that he was badly beaten. Sickness was too strong for him. It seemed but yesterday when he felt that his two strong arms, and his quick, true eye, were enough for himself and Jean, come what would; but now, even with arms as strong, and the eye as true as ever, he had found out his mistake.

It had been a kind of triumph to the carpenter that, when little Alick had been born into the world, there had been no lack; but now the mother was down, what was to become, not only of her, but of the boy.

At last Jean took to her bed; and now her husband had to nurse her as well as everything else. And heavier and heavier became the poor thing's needs, until at last her husband had finally to own to himself that he could meet them no longer.

But never should she want, if there was a spare stick in the house; so one by one the furnishing of the little parlour down stairs was stripped. The clock went, and the mahogany table went, and the chairs, and the little pictures, all one after another.

Ah! little as was the value of these things, they cost Alick Jones many a sigh. Yes; and as the last of them was taken to the pawnbroker's, and he looked around the now empty and desolate room, a tear started in his eye and rolled down his cheek. That was an honest tear. I think the better of the man for having shed it. He is not worthy of a home who could not bestow a tear upon its being broken up.

But Alick had another trouble besides this. A voice whispered in his ear, as he stood in the desolate room: "This room need not be thus," and the thought rushed across his mind, "What if Jean should ever come down again—what place was there to receive her in? and why was it thus? Need it have been thus?"

Ah! was there not thunder and lightning in the clouds that hung over Alick Jones' house; and was his roof right and tight, and able to keep out the droppings of the thunder shower? He felt that it was not; and worse than that, that the fault was his.

And now things had come to that pass with Alick that he had slipped away everything outside the reach of his sick wife's eye—all the little home; and thoughtfully, sorrowfully, aye almost despairingly, he sits besides the open drawers in his wife's room. There is no need for fear; Jean's eyes will not open and see what he is about; she is sleeping too heavily for that. But the drawers are empty.

Yes, he has slipped away, one by one, all that was in them—not for drink, not for himself, but for the one he loved; and with his head on his hand he ponders long. Alick's other hand held a saw: and at his feet lies a basket in which he was wont to carry his tools.

When Jean awakes, after the opiate which was in that cup had spent its power, what is there for her!—nothing! and shall he pawn those tools that there may be the tea for which she will thirst, and the morsel of toast and butter she would eat?

A workman's tools are his life. Methinks when I see them hanging up in shops where they never should be, I see strong arms—aye, the very lives—of working-men hung up.

"Shall they go?" said Alick to himself; "there are still those four little pictures over the bed," thought the carpenter, but he dared not touch them. She could see them, and would ask why they were taken, and then find out all.

A dark thought then crossed Alick's mind; but he said, "Get thee behind me, Satan"—and it went.

Not knowing what would be afterwards, when even the bread-winning implements were gone, Alick seized his bag, and hastened to a shop where he knew his tools would be bought.

"You may well give a trifle more than usual for them," said the carpenter bitterly, "for they are tempered as no tools are in your shop. I had the secret from my father and they'll hold an edge longer than any tool here."

"Indeed," said the tool seller, "I suppose you can set and sharpen tools well?"

"Yes," said Alick and a gleam of hope shot through his mind; "Do you want any done?"

"Well, if you can temper and set as you say, I'll make it worth your while to serve me," said the man.

"Here," said he, "leave your tools here, and take home these gouges and chisels, and try your hand on them."

"But I'm in want of money," said Alick, "or I wouldn't have come here."

That night while Jean slept, Alick worked; and ere morning came the tools were re-tempered, ground and set; there was tea, and toast, and egg for Jean when her eyes opened—opened, as they had

ever done, with love and trust on her husband.

The tools were tried and found perfect. Alick obtained a situation which enabled him to work at home and take care of Jean, and earn more than he had ever done before.

Bit by bit he redeemed every stick of the furniture, every thread of the clothes; and when, after many weeks, Jean came down, she saw her little home just as it ever had been.

But oh, how near ruin had they all been! and all because Alick had not looked forward to rainy days.

It was a lesson for life; and bright as was Alick's prospects as time passed on, he lived and acted in the belief that amid the stern realities of life to be met and provided for by every honest workman—every father, and husband, and man—one of them was what he had such sore experiences of, namely, "The Rainy Day."

EXCLUDING UNITARIANS FROM THE CHRISTIAN CHURCH.

WE have received the following article from an eminent literary Scotch gentleman, who is not of the Unitarian Church, but whose soul has been stirred by the case of the Rev. Mr. Knight, of Dundee, to write us on the question

"IS BELIEF IN THE DOCTRINE OF THE TRINITY AN INDISPENSABLE PART OF SAVING FAITH?"
(To the Editor.)

Sir,—Though I did at first regret, I do not now regret, that the Free Presbytery of Dundee has raised the above question; though, whether it be answered in the affirmative or in the negative, other questions are also being raised, such as whether any Church has a Scriptural right to require any of its office bearers or members to pronounce a sentence, authoritatively and dogmatically, on the Christianity of any other body of men, under the penalty of rebuke and temporary or permanent excommunication; and also whether the Church has a legal right to deprive a member of his civil and temporal emoluments by imposing a new and additional test or term of communion, not distinctly and formally recognised in its formulas? This latter point may be discussed by the Church, but can only be

decided by the civil courts of the country, and therefore, altogether irrespective of it, I would say, "Do right, though the heavens fall."

The question is, not whether the doctrine of the Trinity be true, but whether a belief of its truth be an indispensable part of the faith which every follower or disciple of the Saviour must hold under the penalty of being disapproved of and rejected by him at the last.

Now, at the outset, it seems self-evident, *first*, that the Saviour himself is the only one entitled to state what are the points of belief and of practice "indispensable" to salvation; *second*, that these points will be so clearly and distinctly stated by Him to be "indispensable," that there shall be no reasonable ground for dubiety on this head; *thirdly*, that these points and statements cannot be dependent on mere questions of nice and intricate biblical criticism, which the great mass of believers in all ages are admittedly incapable of determining, since it is the glory of the Gospel of Christ that it is preached to the "poor" and unlettered: "the wayfaring man, though a fool, shall not enter therein."

One thing also worthy of remark regarding the doctrine of the Trinity is that it is admittedly not an "indispensable" part of Christian belief that one shall understand it intelligently, so as to explain it to an unbeliever, as it is unanimously declared to be a "mystery." So that the real question is, Is it "indispensable" to believe that it is a doctrine revealed in the Scriptures? To the law, then, and to the testimony, let us turn.

1. My first proposition, that Christ alone is entitled to declare what is "indispensable" to the Christian's faith, will, I think, be generally admitted in words, though in practice it has been attempted to be ignored—by the Romish Church, for example, when it makes submission to the papal supremacy essential to salvation; and by the Church of England when it asserts of the scholastical definitions of the Athanasian Creed, that whosoever does not hold it shall without doubt perish everlastingly.

2. My second proposition, that the points of belief indispensable to salvation will be so clearly and distinctly stated by him to be "indispensable," that there shall be no reasonable ground for dubiety

on this head, will also be admitted; and, if so, *the whole question is at an end*, for where in the Scriptures has belief in the doctrine of "the Trinity" been so characterised? It is universally conceded by the most eminent defenders of Trinitarianism, both in ancient and modern times, that it is only a deduction and inference from certain passages of Scripture, and not a formally expressed and dogmatised proposition of a divine truth, such as, "God is love, God is just, believe in the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved," and such like.

Now, perhaps, some one will say, But did not Jesus expressly say of Peter's confession of Him, "Thou art the Christ, the Son of the living God?" that "On this rock I will build my Church, and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it?" (Mat. xvi. 16—20), and did he not repeat this good confession before the high priest? (Mat. xxvi. 63, 64, Mark xiv. 61—2), and did not even the unclean spirits confess it? (Luke iv. 41), and did not Peter confess it a second time without rebuke? (John vi. 69), and did not Christ demand it of the blind man whom He had cured? (John ix. 35), and did not Martha avow it? (John xi. 27), and the Baptist? (John i. 34), and Nathaniel? (John i. 49), and does not the Apostle John expressly say that "whosoever shall confess that Jesus is the Son of God, God dwelleth in Him?" (I. John iv. 15), and yet again, "Who is he that overcometh the world, but he that believeth that Jesus is the Son of God?" (I. John v. 5.) And is not a *Son* of the same nature as his *Father*? and if the Father be admittedly divine, must not the Son be also divine? Is not this doctrine of the "Sonship" of Christ the one fundamental rock, then, on which the Church of Christ is built? and as Unitarians deny this they are not building on the rock, but "upon another man's foundation," and are not entitled to be owned as Christians while they continue to dishonour him that bought them.

But stay a little, my Christian friend, you have not yet had time to consider

3. My third proposition, which is, that the "indispensable" points of belief, and Christ's statements regarding them, cannot be dependent on mere questions of nice and intricate biblical criticism, which only expert scholars can judge of. Now,

Unitarianism is quite consistent with the belief expressed in all the above-quoted passages, that "Jesus of Nazareth is the Christ, the Son of the Living God," when *rightly* understood, and interpreted by all the generally recognised laws of grammar and logic that guide us in interpreting Scripture as a whole.

8. For what is the Scripture meaning of the phrase, "the Son of God?" what did those who used it mean by it? and what did he to whom it was given understand by it? It is thus reducible at once to a question of pure Bible interpretation; and fortunately it is one that even a comparatively unlearned person may decide upon, without much difficulty, if he can only keep his eye and mind single, without partiality and without hypocrisy. The word "Son" in Scripture is used not only in its usual acceptation of male (or female) progeny, but also of one connected with, partaking of, or exposed to, any thing or person, *e.g.*, a "son of the herd" is a young bullock; a "son of worth" is a worthy person; a "son of the bow or quiver" is an arrow; "sons of the East" are Orientals; "son of the threshing floor" is corn; a "son of Belial" is a worthless person; a "son of the prophets" is a disciple; a "son of my womb" is a brother; a "son of man" is a human being; a "son of destruction" is one exposed to it; a "son of a year" is a person one year old; "sons of mighty ones" are simply mighty ones.

No Hebrew scholar also will venture to deny that the word "God" is often used as an adjective to denote *greatness*, in such phrases as "hills of God, trees of God, voices of God, a prince of God, a city great to God, a child fair to God, the river of God, a wind of God, a spirit of God, rain of God, wrestling of God, fear of God," &c.

The phrase "Son or Sons of God" occurs in Gen. vi. 2—4, applied apparently to the pious descendants of Seth, or, as some have thought, to angels. In Exodus iv. 22, 23, we read, "Israel is my son." In II. Sam. vii. 14, 1 ch. xvii. 13, 22, 10, "He (Solomon) shall be my son." I. Chronicles xxviii. 6, "I have chosen him (Solomon) to be my son." Ps. ii. 7, "Thou art my son, this day have I begotten thee." Jer. xxxi. 20, "Is Ephraim my dear son." Hosea xi. 1, "I called my son out of Egypt." Hos. i. 10, "Ye are the sons

of the living God." Job i. 6, 2, 1, "The sons of God came." Job xxxviii. 7, "The sons of God shouted for joy." Ps. lxxxii. 6, "All of you are children of the Most High." Dan. iii. 25, "The form of the fourth is like the Son of God." Ps. lxxxix. 26, "I will make him (David) my first born." Ps. lxxiii. 15, "The generation of thy (God's) children." Prov. xiv. 26, "His (God's) children shall have a place of refuge." Deut. xiv. 1, "Ye are the children of the Lord your God." Deut. xxxii. 5, "Their spot is not the spot of his children." Is. i. 2, "I have nourished and brought up children." Is. xliii. 6, "Bring my sons from far, and my daughters from the ends of the earth," &c.

If we turn now to the New Testament we find it full (full) of the same idiomatic use of the phrase "Son or Sons of God." It is therein applied to Adam (Luke iii. 38), to Jesus (Luke i. 35), to mankind (Acts xvii. 28), and to believers. But by far its most frequent occurrence is in reference to the Saviour himself, and though popularly supposed to point out his divine nature, it never really in a single case does so, but refers to him as the divinely fitted and commissioned servant, and sent of God, the anointed King of Israel, in short, "the Messiah." This is capable of the clearest demonstration, and is substantially admitted by every critic and commentator whose opinion is worth having.

As noted above, the appellation had been applied to David and to Solomon, the two greatest of Christ's regal predecessors, and accordingly, as soon as Jesus had fulfilled all righteousness by being baptised, and was ready for God's call, he was anointed by the spirit without measure, and publicly proclaimed (Ps. ii. 7) by the Father as his beloved "Son," and as such he was tempted by the tempter; he was then like David (Ps. lxxxix. 27), made "first-born," higher than all the kings of the earth. That "Son of God" is equivalent to "King of Israel" is clear from John i. 49, where Nathaniel says to Jesus, "Rabbi, thou art the Son of God, thou art the King of Israel," agreeably to Luke i. 32. He shall be great, and shall be called the Son of the Highest, and the Lord God shall give unto him the throne of his father David; and as thought the Jews in Matt. xxvii. 40, "If thou be the

Son of God, come down from the cross," and also with v. 43, for he said, "I am the Son of God."

That "the Son of God" is equivalent to "the Christ, the Messiah, the Sent," is manifest from almost every occurrence of the phrase. Thus Peter's confession in Matt. xvi. 16 is "Thou art the Christ, the Son of the living God," but in Luke ix. 20, it is "the Christ of God," omitting the "Sonship" as superfluous and involved in the "Messiahship." We nowhere read of Jesus being "the Christ AND the Son of God," but always "the Christ, the Son of God," as in Matt. xxvi. 63, "Tell us whether thou be the Christ, the Son of God;" and in Mark i. 1, "The beginning of the Gospel of Jesus, the Christ, the Son of God." Mark xiv. 61, "Art thou the Christ, the Son of the Blessed?" Luke iv. 41, "Thou art the Christ, the Son of God." Compare also Luke xxii. 67. "Art thou the Christ?" with v. 70. "Art thou the Son of God?" Martha's confession in John xi. 27 is, "Thou art the Christ, the Son of God, *which should come into the world.*" The language of Christ himself in John x. 35 is perfectly decisive, that his "Sonship" consisted in his being "sanctified and sent" to do God's work. "If he called them God's to whom the word of God came, say ye of him whom the Father hath *sanctified and sent* into the world, Thou blasphemest, because I said I am the Son of God?" So the object for which John wrote is stated to be, "that ye might believe that Jesus is the Christ, the Son of God." It is needless to quote more passages, for if men believe not these, it is because they *do not wish* to believe.

We have shown the testimony of God himself in the Scriptures regarding the truth of this matter, and might reasonably decline to appeal to the opinion of men; but in order that we may become all things to all men, and perchance gain some, we proceed to give the deliberate judgments of scholars and theologians, who, while *they all held* the doctrine of the Trinity, at the same time acknowledged and maintained that the title "Son of God" was not applicable to a divine *nature*, but to a divine *office*.

"Son of God" means, says Moses Stuart, "the constituted King or Messiah," the "expected King of the Jewish Nation,

constituted of God, and his vicegerent in the world." (Edward Robinson). The "Messiah promised to the fathers." (Adam Clarke). The "long expected Messiah." (Macknight). "A prophet might be so styled." (Bp. Sumner.) "It implies a regal power." (Daubuz). "That Messiah and prophet whom God sent into the world." (Sherlock). "It and Messiah are convertible terms." (Lightfoot). "It has no reference to the eternal generation in the essence of Deity, but to the supernatural constitution of the mediatorial person of Christ." (Wardlaw). "The Messiah." (Kuinoel). A "mere synonym of the Christ." (J. G. Rosenmüller). "The Messiah." (Le Clerc). "Given to Christ in respect of his human nature." (Limborch). "A common designation of the Messiah." (Bucer). "The Messiah." (Cardinal Capstan). "The anointed of man, and Legate of God." (Bloomfield). Luke xxii. 69, 70, show "that the Jews considered the phrases Son of Man and Son of God to be equivalent." (Burton). "In the language of the Jews, Son of God and Messiah were of the same import." (Bland). "A usual appellation of the Messiah." (Grotius). "Synonymous terms with the Jews." (Elsley). "Believing him to be the Son of God, and to be the Messiah, was the same thing." (Locke). "The person who is to be King of Israel." (Bp. Pearce). "Synonymous expressions." (Beausobre et l'Enfant). "The Messiah or Christ." (Lucas Brugensis). "It is highly probable, from Mat. xxvi. 63, and Luke xxii. 67, that, in the Jewish sense, to be the Christ, or the Messiah, and to be the Son of God, was the same thing." (Whitby, Wells, P. Byle, Bp. Burgess, Père Simon, Bp. Porteous, &c.)

If, then, there be one title of the Saviour more clearly marked out than another in Scripture, it is that his glorious appellation of the "Son of God" is descriptive, not of the Divine *Logos*, but of the *man* Christ Jesus, who, in consequence of his inhabitation by the Divine Word, became qualified and fitted to sit "on the throne of the Lord over Israel," until "he shall give up the kingdom to the Father, and then *even the Son* shall become subject to him, that God may be all in all."

This representation of the Saviour commends itself as intelligible to every rational

mind (which the idea of a divined or begotten divinity does not), and is, we believe, in accordance with Matt. xvi. 18, *the one only doctrinal article of belief* on which the Christian Church is founded. Jesus has laid down no others, and neither Apostle nor prophet has done more than re-assert it.

There are other precious doctrinal truths which very considerably affect a Christian man in his conscious relation to the Father, to Christ, to his fellow-Christians, and to the world at large, according to the degree of appreciation or non-appreciation in which he holds them; but they are none of them *essential* to his faith in Christ as the Revealer of the Father, the sent of God.

The most important of all these is the doctrine of the *Atonement*, but (apart from the vicarious or substitutionary idea which is, it may be, more dilated on in theology than in Scripture, which, uniformly speaks of Christ working and dying *for us*, i.e., in our behalf, rarely or never *instead of us*) there is nothing in Scripture to make us doubt that the value of the sacrifice may have consisted as much, if not more, in the pure sovereign will of God in arranging and preparing it, as in the dignity of the Sacrificer and victim.

Holding fast, then, the one only fundamental doctrinal article of the Christian faith, "let us add to our faith courage, and to courage knowledge, and to knowledge temperance, and to temperance patience, and to patience godliness, and to godliness brotherly kindness, and to brotherly kindness CHARITY," without which all professions of faith and hope are "sounding brass and a tinkling cymbal."

A WIFE'S ENDURING LOVE.

THERE are furrows on thy brow, wife ;
Thy hair is thin and grey ;
And the light that once was in thine eye
Hath sorrow stolen away.
Thou art no longer fair, wife ;
The rose hath left thy cheek ;
And thy once firm and graceful form
Is wasted now, and weak.

But thy heart is just as warm, wife,
As when we first were wed—
As when thy merry eye was bright,
And thy smooth cheek was red.

Ah ! that is long ago, wife ;
We thought not then of care ;
We then were spendthrifts of our joy—
We now have none to spare.

Well, well, dost thou remember, wife,
The little child we laid—
The three years' darling, fair and pure—
Beneath the yew-tree shade.
The worth from life was gone, wife,
We said with foolish tongue ;
But we've bless'd since then the Chastener
Who took that child so young.

There was John, my boast and pride, wife,
Who lived to manhood's time—
Would God I could have died for him,
Who died before his prime !
There is Jane, thy second self, wife,
A thing of sin and shame—
Our poorest neighbours pity us
When they but hear her name.

Yet she's thy child and mine, wife !
I nursed her on my knee ;
And the evil, woeful ways she took
Were never taught by thee.
We were proud of her fair face, wife,
And I have tamely stood,
And not avenged her downfall
In her betrayer's blood !

I had such evil thoughts, wife !
I cursed him to his face ;
But he was rich and I was poor—
The rich know no disgrace.
The gallows would have had me, wife—
For that I did not care ;
The only thing that saved his life
Was thought of thy despair.

There's something in thy face, wife,
That calms my maddened brain ;
Thy furrowed brow, thy hollow eye—
Thy look of patient pain—
Thy lips that never smile, wife—
Thy bloodless cheeks and wan—
Thy form which once was beautiful,
Whose beauty now is gone !

Oh ! these, they tell such tales, wife !
They fill my eyes with tears ;
We have borne so much together,
Through these long thirty years,
That I will meekly bear, wife,
What God appointed here,
Nor add to thy o'erflowing cup
Another bitter tear.

Let the betrayer live, wife !
Be this our humble prayer,
That grief may send our prodigal
Back to the Father's care.
Give me thy faithful hand, wife !
O God, who reign'st above,
We bless thee, in our misery,
For one sure solace—love !



NORTHGATE-END CHAPEL, HALIFAX.

NORTHGATE-END CHAPEL, HALIFAX.

THE rise of the old Dissent in the wide parish of Halifax is narrated by the late Rev. Joseph Hunter, F.S.A., in his life of Oliver Heywood. This eminent Nonconformist resided at Northowram, near the town of Halifax; and he built his chapel there in the year of the Revolution, 1688. His Halifax neighbours were not quite so zealous, but they appear to have met for worship since the Act of Uniformity; one of their preachers being the Rev. Ely Bentley (minister of the parish church in the Commonwealth times), who preached in his brother's house. The land on which the Halifax Chapel was built was a croft at what was then the end of Northgate, quite at the outskirts of the town, of which it is now nearly the centre. It belonged to the Rev. Nathaniel Priestley, the first minister. It was conveyed "for the performance and exercise of religious worship and service to Almighty God." Among the trustees were three Stansfelds, one of them—John, the ancestor of the present President of the Local Government Board. The Rev. O. Heywood preached the opening sermon, November 11, 1696. He was invited to share the services there with the Rev. N. Priestley, but declined. (Life, pp. 389, 390.) Mr. Priestley was one of a family long and well known in the parish. He appears to have been a man of highly cultivated mind, and he possessed a large library. De Foe, who is said to have written "Robinson Crusoe" during his sojourn at Halifax, speaks of his acquaintance with him. He died in 1728, and was succeeded by the Rev. Eli Dawson, an able man, who had shared with him the duties at Halifax and Bradford. He was the sole pastor till his death, in 1744. The Rev. S. Threlkeld followed, till his death in 1766. In his ministry (1762) the chapel was renovated, at the cost of £413. Next came the Rev. John Ralph, who died in 1795, after a ministry of twenty-eight years, during which a parsonage was built near the chapel, which has proved a very valuable investment: Mr. J. Priestley gave the land. One daughter of Mr. Ralph married the late Judge Stansfeld, and another (Miss S. R. Ralph) is still living at Halifax. The Rev. T. Broadhurst was appointed in 1795, but

soon removed to Bath. Then came the Rev. J. B. Dewhurst, 1797, and Rev. J. (afterwards Dr.) Jones was distinguished as a scholar, and published a Greek and English Lexicon. In his ministry a Sunday-school was commenced (March, 1799), with two paid teachers. The Rev. J. Williams, the biographer of Mr. Belsham, came in 1804, and removed to Mansfield in 1810; the Rev. R. Astley followed him, and left in 1826. He married a descendant of Oliver Heywood, and erected a large brass tablet with a long Latin memorial of the success of the Nonconformist apostle. In 1817 the south wall was taken down, a new roof was erected, and the chapel re-pewed, at a cost of £1500; while the west front was rebuilt in 1847, in consequence of alterations in the street. Nothing therefore remained of the original chapel but two walls. After the brief ministry of the Rev. J. Ashton, the Rev. W. Turner, jun., M.A., formerly tutor of Manchester College, York, occupied the pulpit in 1828. He was a man of high attainments,* and was very useful, and greatly respected, in the town. Halifax was enfranchised by the Reform Bill; and a member of Northgate-end, R. Briggs, Esq., became (with the present Lord Halifax) the first representative of the borough. Although there has since been a decline as regards the leading members of the society, such as most of our chapels have witnessed, there was an accession of intelligent men of humbler rank, which was somewhat promoted by the stimulus given to free thought at that time by Joseph Barker. During Mr. Turner's ministry an excellent schoolroom was erected, and a home mission established. Mr. Stansfeld, M.P., has stated that his first speech was to propose to the congregation that Mr. Abel Wadsworth should devote part of his time to that object. Mr. Turner died, deeply lamented, in December, 1853, after a ministry here of a quarter of a century. He was followed by the Rev. J. Barling, formerly of the (Independent) Square Chapel at Halifax, and author of a very thoughtful volume on the different schemes of the Trinity. The Rev. Russell L. Carpenter, B.A., became his colleague in January, 1856, and, after

* He was the author of "Lives of Eminent Unitarians, with a notice of Dissenting Academies," and other works.

two years, was sole minister till December, 1864. In 1858 a congregation and school were formed at Pepperhill (a neglected hamlet on the heights above O. Heywood's Northowram Chapel) by Mr. A. Stradling, then a Halifax artisan and Sunday-school teacher; and a large room was subsequently erected at the cost of about £500, which was opened by the Revs. Dr. Beard and R. L. Carpenter, Jan., 1862. To this, many persons of various denominations subscribed. The congregation is supplied by the West Riding Mission, but keeps up a friendly intercourse with Northgate-end. The late Rev. P. Bakewell, B.A., settled at Halifax in 1865; then came the Rev. J. H. Smith, and the Rev. F. E. Millson in the present year (1872). The old walls were giving way, and there had long been an earnest desire for a new chapel. Owing to the elevation of the adjoining road, the building that was once, no doubt, an ornament to the locality, seemed sunk and dismal. The late Judge Stansfeld, though naturally much attached to the chapel of his fathers, proved that he inherited their zeal by cordially helping the subscription, which was taken up with great spirit. Mr. Smith preached the last sermons in the old chapel, March 5th, 1871, and in the *Halifax Guardian* the editor gave an interesting account of the monuments it contained, and the leading families of the town who were once connected with it. The corner stone of the new chapel was laid on Whit-Monday, May 29th, 1871, by the Right Hon. James Stansfeld, M.P. for Halifax, acting for his father, the venerable judge.* Mr. Stansfeld dwelt in eloquent language on the excellence of the open trust, which we have quoted above, and, from his prominent position, his words were repeated through the country. The new chapel was opened October 2, 1872, when the present minister, Rev. F. E. Millson, took the devotional service, and Rev. R. L. Carpenter preached. A lunch followed in the large Mechanics' Hall, and a public meeting, at which Mr. Stansfeld, M.P., presided. It is too rare for a Cabinet Minister to show such fidelity to the unpopular church of his fathers!

The new chapel stands on the same ground as the former one, the plan being

* He died, universally lamented, Jan. 29th, 1872, æt. 79.

enlarged. It will hold about 350 people. It faces the street by a bold Gothic front, conspicuous by its fine traceried window. The inside of the chapel is very pretty and effective, the arrangements at the chancel end especially attracting admiration. All the pews, the pulpit, and reading desk are of varnished pitch pine, the walls being covered to the height of several feet with a lining of the same wood. The cost of the building was about £4000.

A RETURN TO FIRST PRINCIPLES.

PERE HYACINTHE.

LET us return to the Bible, and there we shall find the elevation of our souls and of society. By immediate and lively converse with the Word of God, we shall be able to impart to our religious life that personal character without which it cannot exist; we shall rescue true Christianity from the attacks of scepticism, from those of superstition, and from the false affirmations of man, not less dangerous than his false negations. The Word of the Lord is the purified, fiery word, the silver which has passed seven times through the furnace! Let us place the Bible in contact with the family, in order that it may be read in all our houses, and proclaimed in all our temples! From this contact shall proceed the regeneration of religious society, and, permit me to say, the regeneration of civil society. I am not here for the purpose of engaging in politics; but I may say that the great social questions touch the great religious questions of the day. The grandeur of England and America is the work of the Bible. Yes, at the foundation of England there is something more solid than Magna Charta—there is the Bible! In order to construct an enduring Italy, we must have recourse to the same foundations. The Bible shows us our common origin and our common end. It teaches us what the wisdom of the ancients never knew, what the science of modern times contests still; and it invites men of all races and colours, of all tongues and faiths, on to that mysterious city where the unity of the world shall find its consummation.

PROFITABLE PATIENTS. — The celebrated physician Boerhaave always called the poor his best patients, "for God," said he, "is their paymaster." Can teachers, preachers, and everybody, not learn something from this piety which shows pity on the poor?

MISS JANE ASHBY.

MISS JANE ASHBY, whose death has recently been announced was well known to the readers of the CHRISTIAN FREEMAN, as well as to many others, as a contributor to our various periodicals. Her struggles with religious prejudices in early life were unusually severe, and her fearless, untiring pursuit after the truth as it was in Jesus won the admiration and esteem not only of her immediate friends but of many others differing from her in faith, but who could and did appreciate sincerity, benevolence, and liberality in womanhood. She was educated in her youth in the doctrines of the Episcopal Church, but as she grew in years, and her mind expanded, doubts concerning the doctrine of the Trinity disturbed her peace. Born and brought up in an agricultural village, where few books could be had, she resolved to study the Scriptures for herself, and from that time to the latest hour of her calm reflection they were cherished by her as her only safe guide to a rightful and peaceful haven. The result of her search led her to the adoption of Unitarian Christianity, which gave her peace and joy in believing through a long life of more than four score years. Desirous of being useful to others in the promotion of views from which she derived so much comfort, she joined the late Admiral Gifford in his efforts to plant a Unitarian Church in the island of Jersey. Here she became a most valuable aid to the pastor, the Rev. James Taplin, now of Kingswood, by distributing tracts from house to house, conversing with the people, some of whom shunned her as a female Satan, and placed her tracts on the fire, where they told her she would ultimately go. Nothing daunted, she pursued her mission for several years, occasionally composing dialogues on evangelical Christians, which were widely distributed and read even by those who would not look at the other tracts. At one of the anniversary tea-meetings, by the suggestion of her pastor, she read a paper, in which she gave full details of her early struggles and efforts in the pursuit of truth. As it was confined to the press of Jersey at the time, it deserves a reprint, as a stimulant and encouragement to others who have been fettered by orthodox creeds to go and do likewise.

"From childhood," she says, "I was

distressed with doubts as to whether the Trinitarian doctrines were really founded on the teachings of Christ and his Apostles, but, like a dutiful daughter of the State Church, I tried heartily to see in the Scriptures only what she bade me see, and I strove resolutely to stifle my continually returning doubts. Like many, I had been told that Unitarians held unchristian doctrines, and I feared to look into their books, lest my wavering faith in Trinitarianism should be overthrown. Accident threw in my way the works of Priestley and some other Unitarian writers. I ventured to read them, and to my surprise I found nothing contrary to Scripture; no forced misinterpretations of the teachings of Christ or disrespectful mention of him; no low, unworthy ideas of God. I then began a diligent study of the New Testament. I twice read it from its beginning to end, making notes as I read, and copying every name and title given to Jesus — by God, by himself, by his Apostles, by the evangelists, and the prophets of the Old Testament—quoted in them by his friends and his enemies, either before or after his death—and nowhere did I find our Lord called God the Son; nor did I find any words which could be fairly thus interpreted, if taken with what goes before or what follows them. The equivocal sentences occur only in a few places, and are acknowledged by candid and learned Unitarians to be incorrectly translated. I find that Christ's Sermon on the Mount, that his model prayer, that all other discourses—that the discourses of Peter and Paul, as given in the Acts, were all Unitarian; and that every epistle of each Apostle was Unitarian also. In short, I found that Christ, our Lord and Master, was a Unitarian—taught strict Unitarianism. This conviction was the result of many months of anxious thought and attentive reading (but nothing worth having can be acquired without labour, mentally or bodily); and I now bless the hour when I felt I could love with my whole heart my God and Father, because I have no painful doubts of his perfect justice and benevolence; when I felt I could reverence my known Lord and Master, because every shade of equivocation and mystery was now removed from his teachings, and I saw his character in its clearest truth and entire honesty. I bless th^e

time when I resolved to leave a Church whose prayers—addressed sometimes to one, sometimes to another, and sometimes to all the persons of the Trinity—distract the attention of the worshippers ; whose services are wearisome from their repetitions, and where I feared to offend by depriving one or other of the Trinity by withholding the due homage. Now, Sunday is, to me, a holy day, and the church where I join my brethren in the worship of God our Father, through Christ, is a holy place. The name of Unitarian is a sacred one, as the distinctive appellation of many who love and fear God rather than man. Few in number as we yet are, let us remember that Unitarian Christianity began with one man, one Lord and only Master, Jesus the Christ. Let us not forget that the true knowledge of the one God and his Christ must one day overspread this lovely island, even as the blue waves cover the deep of the surrounding ocean, and let each one of us strive earnestly to hasten this happy, this glorious time. Let each be a missionary of our Lord, showing by our lives that his religion will endure the wear and tear of every-day trials. How glorious are the attempts to hasten that blessed time when the stupendous fabric of Trinitarianism, with its cumbrous forms of ceremonial worship, and the cold ice palace of atheism, shall be burned with the wood, hay, stubble of Judaism, Mahomedanism, and idolatry, and when the whole human race shall worship in spirit and in truth that great and good Spirit of the whole universe, God the Father, even as our dwelling-place, his earth, rejoices in the beams of its one resplendent sun."

RELIGION IN JAPAN.

No. II.

THE Japanese are given to forms and ceremonies on all occasions. One is peculiarly suggestive, the realisation of St. Paul's words, "when I became a man I put away childish things:" for we are told that at the close of a marriage ceremony a large bonfire is made, and all the toys and playthings of childhood are thrown in by the bride, and she receives a distaff and some flax, and an exhortation on the proper management of household affairs. The funeral solemnities, as well, are nu-

merous, and are made the vehicles of religious instruction and hope. The body of the dead is burned, and the priests and the relations join in rites during the burning, which imply their faith in the immortality of the soul. The Japanese religious teachers affirm the future happiness of the virtuous and the misery of the wicked. The wicked are not confined, according to their doctrines, to an endless hell, but are allowed to wander to and fro under heaven as vagabonds, till they have suffered sufficient for their sins, and then they are permitted to have rest and bliss.

There are many extremely absurd ideas and customs mixed up with their religious life. On these we care not to dwell. We are more interested and willing to think of those things that are in harmony with our own religious views ; for it is always a real pleasure to meet with goodness or wisdom wherever they are to be found. It is one of the bright spots of the apostle Paul's life that the "barbarians" of a desolate isle "showed him no little kindness:" and we are assured that the dwellers in that distant Japan are not insensible to the virtues which are the sources of happiness more or less everywhere. Purity of soul is taught, and attention to the dictates of nature and the voice of reason is urged as the best preparation for a life that ever wins the divine blessing.

Max Muller has translated one of the popular religious books of the Buddhists, called the "*Dhamapada*," a literature known to the Japanese, and it is very instructive to find sentiments so similar to those we so much value. Witness these extracts in juxtaposition with passages from our Bible.

All that we are is the result of what we have thought ; it is founded on our thoughts, it is made up of our thoughts—" *Dhamapada*." As he thinketh in his heart, so is he.—Prov. xxiii. 7. Keep thy heart with all diligence ; for out of it are the issues of life.—Prov. iv. 23.

Hatred does not cease by hatred at any time ; hatred ceases by love ; this is an old rule. Let a man overcome anger by love, let him overcome evil by good, let him overcome the greedy by liberality, the liar by truth.—" *Dhamapada*." Love your enemies, bless them that curse you, do good to them that hate you.—Matt. v. 44. Dearly beloved, avenge not your-

selves, &c. Be not overcome of evil, but overcome evil with good.—Rom. xxii. 19-21.

The virtuous man is happy in this world, and he is happy in the next; he is happy in both.—“*Dhamapada*.” Godliness is profitable unto all things, having promise of the life that now is, and of that which is to come.—I. Tim. iv. 8.

Those who are thoughtless are as if dead already.—“*Dhamapada*.” She who liveth in pleasure is dead while she liveth.—Tim. v. 6.

The fool who knows his foolishness is wise at least so far; but a fool who thinks himself wise, he is a fool indeed.—“*Dhamapada*.” Seest thou a man wise in his own conceit? there is more hope of a fool than of him.—Prov. xxvi. 12.

If one man conquer in battle a thousand times a thousand men, and if another conquer himself, he is the greatest of conquerors.—“*Dhamapada*.” He that ruleth his spirit is better than he who taketh a city.—Prov. xvi. 32.

Poison (external) does not affect one who has no wound; nor is there evil for one who does not commit evil.—“*Dhamapada*.” To the pure all things are pure.—Tit. i. 15.

Some people are born again; evil doers go to hell; righteous people go to heaven.—“*Dhamapada*.” Except a man be born again he cannot see the kingdom of God.—John iii. 3.

Do not speak harshly to anybody; those who are spoken to will answer in the same way.—“*Dhamapada*.” A soft answer turneth away wrath; but grievous words stir up anger.—Prov. xv. i.

Let each man first direct himself to what is proper, then let him teach others.—“*Dhamapada*.” First cast the beam out of thine own eye, then shalt thou see clearly to cast out the mote out of thy brother's eye.—Matt. vii. 5.

Do not follow the evil law; do not live in thoughtlessness; do not follow false doctrine; be not a friend to the world.—“*Dhamapada*.” Whosoever, therefore, will be a friend of the world is the enemy of God.—James iv. 4.

Good people shine from afar; they are like the snowy mountains.—“*Dhamapada*.” Ye are the light of the world. A city set upon a hill cannot be hid.—Matt. v. 14.

HEATHENDOM FACING CHRISTENDOM.

THE FRUIT OF ORTHODOXY.

THE great movement to which we as Unitarians are committed is about to be largely aided by our more direct and immediate contact with the Eastern nations. The East will force upon us the fact there is no God but one, for the mission of the oriental is not yet completed. This is very forcibly put in a leading article in one of the Exeter papers, in which we can trace the thoughts of one of the most learned of travellers:—

The sentiments uttered by the speakers at the annual meeting of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts last Thursday were very unlike those we have been accustomed to hear at the former meetings of the same society. The Bishop of Exeter led the way by indicating the change which is taking place in modern religious thinking; and he showed pretty clearly that he was not, like some timid dogmatists, afraid of the results. The Attorney-General delivered a vigorous speech in favour of religious free thought, and against that assumed infallibility in person and doctrine which was claimed by some people, and for which there is no foundation whatever in Scripture or in common sense. Whatever theological opinions a man may hold, it is quite clear that to dread and to oppose free inquiry into the religious systems of the age is sheer cowardice. If a church is built upon a rock its foundations are sure; if on sand, it cannot stand. Truth has nothing to fear from inquiry; error has much to fear; therefore, when theologians, hugging their little systems, rave at the man who will persist in investigating the truth or otherwise of them, and call him “sceptic,” “infidel,” or what not, for doing so, it indicates weakness and something more. We rejoice then in the tone of the addresses which were delivered, inasmuch as they clearly show that a great change is imminent in Christendom. The assertion of perfect freedom of inquiry into all religions by eminent men, like Bishop Temple and Sir J. D. Coleridge, is a great gain to the cause of religious enlightenment and liberty, and we hail it with unfeigned delight. The moderate and sensible speech of Sir Stafford Northcote is pregnant with instruction. He says—and the fact is

notorious to all acquainted, as he is, with Eastern religions—that the Mahomedans are making far more converts than the Christians; that they are exhibiting equal zeal and perseverance. He did not revert to the fact that the Mussulman missionaries are unpaid, while hundreds of thousands of pounds, and hundreds of valuable lives, are sacrificed by our various societies in the conversion of the heathen. Our Christian missionaries, the most candid of them, confess that their success has been small, though their exertions have been great, and their failure is most remarkable among the intelligent and instructive classes. Sir Stafford thinks that by penetrating the Zenanas we may Christianise the Indian ladies—a very hopeless task, for Miss Carpenter informs us she has been compelled scrupulously to avoid any Christian teaching, or she would have been totally excluded from the society of women of the higher ranks. As regards Mahomedans, any attack upon their faith in the unity of God—the very groundwork of their religion—is abhorrent to them. Five times a day they repeat “There is *no* God but *one* God.” As regards Brahmins and Buddhists, who are treated in so unbecoming a way by the Archbishop of Canterbury, Sir Stafford speaks despairingly. They will not become Christians; they become *Deists*. Is not the belief in God better than idolatry or polytheism? Are not men like Rammohun Roy, or Chuader Sen, an honour to their country and their race? Why do not the right reverend and the reverend bench join issue with such philosophers, the doubters, the sceptics, if you will, of our Oriental empire—there is a field worthy of the noblest combatants, and “the heathen” combatants are here and ready for the fight. The simple fact is they will not accept *our* orthodoxy, nor the teachings of our orthodox representatives, however zealous they may be. In knowledge the latter are sadly wanting; knowledge of books held sacred among “the heathen;” knowledge of the history, frequently even the names of those sages whom the orientals reverence. Fancy what we should think of a Mufti, a Bonze, or Pandit, who, coming to instruct us, should be unaware of the existence of a Bacon, a Newton, a Shakespeare, or having learnt their names

should treat them as nobodies compared to Confucius, or Guadamar, or Zoroaster, or the truly great founder of Islamism. “These ‘learned Hindoos’ don’t become Christians,” says Sir Stafford. Assuredly not; for by Christians the right honourable baronet means “Anglican Churchmen.” They speak with invariable reverence of the lessons and teachings of Christ. The greatest man among them wrote a book, entitled “Precepts of Jesus,” and it is a standard work among the Brahmins. But while the doctrines of original sin, final damnation, the Trinity in Unity—a Deity whose attributes are calculated to awaken more hate than love—an imposture Anthanasian Creed, full of curses, of which the Church of England is beginning to feel ashamed—while these and such dogmas are brought to the Orientals, as worthy of all acceptance—what wonder that they turn away, and say to one another, as the Japanese have said: “What a contempt they must have of *our* understandings if we are expected to receive instructions like these!” We may supplement the above by giving another remarkable proof of the “signs” of the times. The Bishop of Argyll and the Isles has just published his charge to the clergy; and the following passage will sufficiently show the breadth of theological views which the prelate holds:—“The Bible (he said) is the work of human hands; committed to human language, subject to human infirmity, not fully able to express that which it is intended to convey, and subject to all the deteriorations of time and change. Nevertheless, examination and criticism had shown that there had been no material or essential deterioration. Should it be asked, if the letter is doubtful, what security have we for anything, the answer is that no variation in the letter is such as to affect the spirit of the communication; that the spirit so communicated is assuredly divine, raising us to a level which we could not otherwise have reached, and testified to be from the Most High by that which is highest within ourselves. This is our sole and ultimate means of judging and receiving, and deprived of it we are deprived of revelation. If we seek higher proof than this, none higher can be afforded, for there can be no truth to us beyond that by which we have the means of judging.”

TOO PROUD TO TAKE ADVICE.

A BOY took his uncle down on Long Wharf to see a new ship that lay there. His uncle was an old ship-master, and Harry was at some pains to show him round, partly perhaps to show his own knowledge. There was only one sailor on board, and as the visitors passed and re-passed the hatches, "Mind ye, mind ye," he said; "don't fall into the hold, or ye'd never see daylight again." "There is no danger of my uncle," said Harry proudly; "he knows a ship from stem to stern; and I do too." As they came down the ladder and walked away, "I was so provoked with that old salt," said he; "he seemed to think we were know-nothing landmen, with not sense enough to keep from pitching into the first danger. I wonder you should thank him for his advice, uncle; I was provoked."

"I should be very sorry to take offence at well-meant advice," said the uncle. "Did you ever read about the Royal George, Harry?"

"It was at Spithead, where the English fleet were at anchor. The Royal George was the flag ship, and Admiral Kempenfelt's blue flag floated from the mizen. She was a fine ship of a hundred guns. She was about ready for sea, when the first lieutenant discovered that the water-cock was out of order. It was not thought necessary to haul her in dock for repairs, but keel her over until the damaged part was above water, and repair her there. Keeling a ship, you know, is making her lean over on one side. A gang of men was sent from the Falmouth dockyards to help the ship's carpenters. The larboard guns were run out as far as possible, and the starboard guns run in amidships, which made the ship keel to larboard, so that her starboard side was far up out of the water. The workmen had got at the mouth of the water-pipe when a lighter, laden with rum, came alongside, and all hands were piped to clear her. Now the port-sills of the larboard side were nearly even with the water before the lighter came alongside, and when the men went down to take in her casks the ship keeled more than ever; besides, the sea had grown rougher since morning, washing the water into the lower-deck ports.

"The carpenter saw there was danger. He ran to the second lieutenant, who was

officer of the watch, and told him the ship must be righted. The lieutenant, angry that the carpenter should dare dictate to him, ordered him back to his work. Growing every instant more convinced of the eminent peril of the ship, the man went a second time to the officer, warning him that all would be lost if the vessel was not righted instantly; but he only got a volley of oaths for his pains. The lieutenant, however, at last ordered the drummer to beat to quarters; but before the drummer had time to lay hold of his drum, the ship keeled over a little and a little more, and the men began to scramble down the hatchways to put the heavy guns back into their proper places. Alas, it was too late. Men may begin their duty too late. Already the water was rushing in; she filled rapidly, settled fast, and almost before help or rescue could be thought of down went the Royal George, carrying her admiral, officers, men, and many nobles and strangers on board, to the number of a thousand souls, down, down, down to a watery grave, so awfully sudden, that a few only on the upper deck could save themselves. And thus to perish, on a fair day, in sight of land, surrounded by a fleet of ships, all aggravated the terrible disaster.

"It was not in the battle;
No tempest gave the shock;
She sprang no fatal leak;
She ran upon no rock."

"Awful," said Harry, shuddering; "and to have it owing to the pride of that foolish lieutenant. Too proud to take the carpenter's advice; that was the worst of all. I suppose you told it to me on that account. I thank you, uncle. Oh, that poor lieutenant. His own life and the lives of a thousand others, staked upon his feeling proud. I am sure it makes the Bible account of pride awfully true: 'Pride goeth before destruction, and a haughty spirit before a fall.'"

NEW LIGHT.

'Twas eighteen hundred years ago,
New light upon the world was thrown:
Was all the light exhausted? No!
Has light its boundaries? Light has none!

And so whatever light may shine
Upon our now, that soon decays;
A still more radiant light divine
Shall beam upon the future days.

JOHN BOWRING.

WAYSIDE GATHERINGS.

AGAINST EVIL SPEAKING.—Three questions to be put to ourselves before speaking evil of any man: First, is it true? Second, is it kind? Third, is it necessary?

A THOUGHT FOR CHURCH-GOERS.—A child of this world, no doubt wise in her generation, says: "I never dress much for the play, because every one is looking at the stage"; but no one is more particular about her dress at church.

A CURIOUS EXCUSE.—Lord Dundonald was censured by a lady for never going to church, not even when he went to the country. Another lady pleaded, in extenuation of his lordship's offence, that though he never went to church himself, he was very careful always to send his two negro servants. "That's all very well," was the rejoinder, "but two blacks will never make a white."

WHINING IN PRAYER.—A curate adopted a monotonous whine in his prayers. On being remonstrated with by his bishop, he pleaded that such a tone was very proper in acts of supplication, because beggars always assume a whine when they asked for alms. The bishop replied, sharply: "Yes; but when they do I always know that they are impostors, and give them nothing."

A CHEERFUL VIEW OF THINGS.—"How dismal you look!" said a bucket to his companion, as they were going to the well. "Ah!" replied the other, "I was reflecting on the uselessness of our being filled; for, let us go away ever so full, we always come back empty." "Dear me! How strange to look at it in that way," said the other bucket. "Now I enjoy the thought that, however empty we come, we always go away full. Only look at it in that light, and you'll be as cheerful as I am."

MINOR MORALITIES.—Mr. White in a recent work treats of the following items which start the reader off in valuable trains of thought:—"On the duty of returning borrowed articles." "On simplicity and affection." "On the love of flowers." "On punctuality." "On the duty of delivering kind messages." "On keeping secrets." "On ventilating houses and churches." "On defiance of the weather when we ought to go out." "On some acts of wasting time." "On reading too much." "On the duty of sometimes hearing your children's lessons." "On attention to the festive elements in life." "On fireside amenities, or thoroughness in home affection."

ORTHODOX DARKNESS.—Albert Barnes, the most popular orthodox Biblical commentator of our day, says, "When I look on a world of sinners and sufferers—upon death-beds and graveyards—upon the world of woe, filled with hosts to suffer for ever; when I see my friends, my parents, my family, my people, my fellow citizens, when I look upon a whole race—involved in this sin and danger. . . I am struck dumb. It is all dark, dark, dark to my soul, and I cannot disguise it." Thank God for the simple Scripture doctrine of His love, which has no such darkness.

TRUTH A CONTRABAND.—A preaching friar at Venice one day told his hearers he had found the truth, and held up in his hand a New Testament. He then returned it to his pocket, and coldly said, "The book is prohibited."

UNITARIANISM AND THE NEW TESTAMENT.—A minister in company with a humble and unlearned woman, who had never heard of Unitarianism, asked her why she had said she did not believe Christ to be God. She replied that she read and believed the New Testament, and there she found that Christ never claimed to be God, that he prayed to God, obeyed God, came from God, and went to God.

THE KING AT PLAY.—While William III. was living in Kensington Palace he was sitting one day in his private room, engaged with his secretary, when they heard a light tap at the door. "Who is there?" asked the king. "Lord Buck," answered a little voice. William opened the door, and found there a boy four years old, Lord Buckhurst, the son of the Earl of Dorset. "And what does Lord Buck want?" "You to be horse to my coach," was the cool answer; "I wanted you a long time." The king smiled, and, taking the string, drew the tiny carriage up and down the hall till the little boy was satisfied. William was a stern warrior, a resolute, uncompromising man, often perplexed and troubled; but this little incident shows another side of his character, and proves him capable of a gentle, fatherly kindness and sympathy.

THE GOD OF MY MOTHER.—In 1853 Sir David Brewster was in Paris, and was taken to see the astronomer Arago, who was then in deep suffering, and was soon to die. He thus describes the interview:—"We conversed upon the marvels of creation, and the name of God was introduced. This led Arago to complain of the difficulties which his reason experienced in understanding God. "But," said I, "it is still more difficult not to comprehend God." He did not deny it. "Only," added he, "in this case I abstain, for it is impossible for me to understand the God of you philosophers," "It is not with philosophers we are dealing," replied I, "although I believe that true philosophy necessarily conducts us to the belief in God; it is of the God of the Christian that I wish to speak." "Ah!" he exclaimed, "he was the God of my mother, before whom she always experienced so much comfort in kneeling." "Doubtless," I answered. He said no more; his heart had spoken; this he had understood."

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